THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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Original Poetry.

YOU AND I.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Ah! notice indeed are the hours, love,
Whilst waiting and watching for thee;
Let winter be dreary, and summer be gay,
Are the thoughts that most cheer to me.
My heart still is clinging to thine, love,
With troubles that let it fade or die,
As a vine clasp'd about with a vine, love,
So, together we'll live, you and I.

No leave do I ask by thy side, love,
For thy leave pressed, so lovier and true;
In peace through the world shall we glide, love,
Till the land of bright Canaan we view.
Though we pass through the vale o' and gloom, love,
And the clouds of distress vail our sky;
"Our Father" will send us relief, love,
So together we walk, you and I.

If troubles or sorrows should rage, love,
We will talk of our heavenly home;
To meet sister, child, all age, love,
With fullness of blessings shall come.
And when in the parkway of life, love,
The angel of death does watch nigh,
We'll meet him in joy, without sorrow, love,
And together we'll go, you and I.

ZERAH.

Original Novelet.

MISS THUSA'S PINNING-WHEEL.

(CONCLUDED.)

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MRS. CAROLINE LEE HENTZ,
AUTHOR OF "ROLAND," "LINDA," "MARCO WARRAGH," ETC.

Entered according to the Act of Congress, in the Year 1853, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

CHAPTER XIV.

"If each inside of matter parts and flows,
One thing in all and all things in one,
Scott.

Lord, as Thy feet ashamed I lie,
I prostrate fall and worship Thee;
Thrice on my bosom I die,
And bless them Thy book.
Hymn.

Miss Hinie awoke from the wild dream of fear, she was safe at a new home. Her own home was the nearest to the sanctuary of sacred rest. The deep quietude of the mountain village, the pure mountain air, the still, watching figures seated by her bed, all combined to soothe her mind, and with its chill, damp sib, and glimmering lamp,—its rough keeper and agitated inmates, seemed like the phantoms of a dream, and just quitted. Two fair young forms, with blooming cheeks, bent over each other, the one with locks of rippling the other of soft, wavy brown, seemed to the bright fire of the hearth-stone. The soft pressure on her faintly throbbing temples, and the voice of her mother, whose watching angels, a ready figure was bending over her. She could not turn her head to look upon it, but there was a sympathy in the tone which soothed and comforted her. She felt that it was her step-mother, and she shrank from her kiss, and administer the medicine to her wan lips.

"Why do you call nurse me so tenderly?" said she, in a faint voice, as she felt the hand that was watching by her. "Me, who have done anything for others?"

"Hush!" said her indulging, and dependent tone of care. The hand of God is laid upon you, and whosoever receives, becomes a subject to the Christian's cares."

"Then it is not true love you manifest to me," said Miss Hinie, with a sigh.

"I thought it could not be."

"Yes, Hinie. It is from love. We always love those we have been good to. Those we have been great, and great in our purity. Pity, sympathy, tenderness, all flow from pure, and no remembrance of the past can interpose with their holiness."

"Sister Rachel, I do not wish to live. It is kinder to let me die."

"Not the first time Hinie had ever addressed Rachel as sister. The same invalid in girlhood, must have felt, breathed by her softened heart.

Glennon was moved even to tears. She loved for all her fatherhood, all her pride, and all her ambition, but little could so long a vagatorially withheld. Reading forward, the involuntary movement, she kissed the lips, which, when they were still, had received her maternal caresses. She felt that she had been unjust to her child, and drew her still closer. She felt, too, that she had not given her enough to do with in love, brother," repeated Rachel, in a voice of mournful reproach. "I can never again be happy. I can make others happy. I am willing to leave my home, and my own dear children, if they may be happy, pay not for them."

"Hush! my child, pay not for them!" said her father, pressing her closer to his heart. "You ought not to be willing to die a grain a prayer unacknowledged, since you have not been willing to live. You are not in physical debility for resignation, weakness for submission, and sickness for meekness and union of selfish sorrow. Rachel, you must get up and be well."

"Oh, Hinie, only say, 'Thou Son of David, have mercy on me—' only cry out, from the depths of a contrite spirit—and it will depart, though its name be legion."

"But I fear this complaint may be incurable; I do pray, I do cry out for mercy now, but intercede my heart may harden into stone. You, who are so good and pure, should it may to be good, and so it is, as a sick bed,—those words, watching eyes and calm prayer are round you, and the air you breathe is charmed with blessings. While streaming beside the heaven above will begin. Your thoughts will not leave me awake on me. Hinie will once more desert your affections, and then the serpent may will cause gliding back, as cold and venomous, to coil itself in my bosom."

"My child—there is room enough in the world, room enough in our hearts, and room enough in Heaven, for you and Hinie too."

She spoke with solemnity, and she continued to speak soothingly and persuasively till the eyes of the invalid were closed in slumber, and then her thoughts rose in silent prayer for that obedient and life-weary soul.

Hinie never alluded to Clinton in her conversation with her mother. There was only one thing to whom she now felt willing to breathe her name, and that was Arthur Hazleton. The first time she was alone with him, she asked the question that had long been hovering on her lips. She was sitting in an easy chair, supported by pillows, her head nothing on her wasted hand. The reflection of the crimson curtains gave a glow to the chill whiteness of her face, and relieved the gloom of her sable eyes. She looked earnestly at Arthur, who knew all that she wished to ask. The color mounted to his cheek. He could not frame a falsehood, and he feared to reveal the truth.

"Arthur, have any sufferings of late?" said she; "is he safe—or has his flight been discovered?"

"Rest," answered she, in a lower voice, "you need not speak. You have revealed the whole. He is again imprisoned."

Arthur bowed his head, glad to be spared the painful task of asserting the fact.

"And there is no hope of pardon or acquittal?"

"None. He must meet his doom. And, Minnie, and is it—is it just. Your own sense of rectitude and justice will in time sanction the decree. You must, you must pity him—but love, his unrepented sin, his place of Rulers in the heavenly world, and prevent the aching void that would be left."

"Alas! what can Alice do?"

"I can love him and pray for him, mother, love to bless him, and die, but, for his sake, if God requires such a sacrifice."

"Is not there a heavenly mission?" cried Lucie, taking the hand which rested on his arm, and laying it gently against his heart.—"This little hand, whose touch quickens the pulsations of my being, will be a shield from temptation, a safe guard from sin. What can do for her half as precious as her blessings and her prayers? If I am a lamp to her path, she will be a light to my soul. What can Alice do? She can do everything that a guardian angel can do. Give her to me, for I need her as much as she."

"I see she is yours already," cried the now weeping mother. "I cannot take away what God has given. May He bless you, and sanctify your sacrifice and solemn union!"

Then there was a double wedding on the morrow.

"But she had no wedding dress prepared!" says one.

Is not this a time when mantua was all the lovely bride better wished, and that she had always ready. A wreath of white rose-buds encircling her head, completed her bridal attire. Brides were no richer decoration. Spotless white, adorned with the purest flowers that ever bloomed, were appropriate for youth and innocence like theirs!

Miss Hinie was the same fair, youthful Rosey, and a stranger might have mistaken her for one of the brides or the bridesmaid—but no love-light beamed in her large, dark, melancholy eyes. She would gladly have absented herself from a scene in which her delight had to be a hypocrisy, but she believed it her duty to be present, and when she congratulated the wedded pair, she tried to smile, though her words was as cold as a moonbeam on snow.

Hinie's part, in accord with those at the sight of that faint, cold smile. She thought of Clinton, as he had first appeared among them, splendidly beautiful; and then of Clinton, beguiling in chains, and doomed to long imprisonment, and then of Clinton, bending over his sister's wasted affections, betrayed confidence, and blasted hopes, and contrasting for with her own blissful destiny, she turned aside her head and wept.

"Weep not, Hinie," said Arthur, in a low voice, driving the cause of her emotion, and fixing on the retiring form of Minie his own glistening eyes; "for now you are one, you but one pay yet rep to Jay. Here is a mighty struggle, and a mighty victory, and a mighty train of exacting elements. Her mind has grasped the sublime truths of religion, and when once her understanding receives, it will kindle with the fire of martyrdom. I have studied her deeply, intensely, and, in many respects, she is a child. Her love and most tenderly, though she is now leading through cold and troubled waters, her heart will not be the green margin of the purchased land."

And this prophecy was indeed fulfilled. Minie and Arthur became gentle, amiable and loving, like Helen, for as Arthur had justly said, her character was composed of strong and varying elements,—but after a long and agonizing strife, she did become a zealous and devoted Christian. Her husband's love, and the love of the two sisters, and became the guest of Mrs. Glennon, and the sweet Rachel, whose spirit had prepared her from the hallowed shades, which she had never quitted since her husband's death, for the new joy surpassing what she had known.

A very handsome new house, built in the cottage style, had been lately erected in the vicinity of Mr. Glennon's, under the superintendence of the young architect, Arthur Hazleton, and he was shortly to be married to Helen Glennon. Every one thought it was time for him to be settled in life, and that Helen would be a most delightful companion for him. Thus, however, was the child rejected, the kind and affectionate relative, and Arthur Hazleton the idol of the hour.

Helen had never made Hinie a formal declaration of love. He had never asked her in so many words, "Will you be my wife?" but his manner, his looks, and gradually as the morning twilight brightens into the fervor and glory of noon, had revealed the secret of his heart, and of friendship deepened into the warmth and devotion of perfect love. Helen could look back upon every particular scene, where the character of the friend was merged into that of the lover. She had never remembered when Arthur was interred, yet had any one asked her how and when she first received it, and noted the moment of gay mirths, which gratitude and affection have awaited to her memory. Instead of that silent, mighty bond, which, like the tendril of the vine, began to unite, in the kingdom of their hearts, till it seemed as if her individual existence could not exist, but in connection with his personal, and almost unconscious, was the result of a long and tender intercourse, and of which sorrow only could separate, as the following scene will show.

The evening before the wedding-day of Arthur and Helen, Mr. Hazleton was walking alone in the garden, gathering flowers and evergreens for bridal garlands for the morrow, when Helen approached her, hand in hand with her blind child.

"Mr. Hazleton," said he with trembling eagerness, "will you give me your daughter, and let me believe the morrow by a double wedding?"

"What, Alice, my poor blind Alice?" exclaimed Mr. Hazleton, dropping in astonishment the flowers she had gathered. "You cannot mean what you say,—and her misfortune should make her nearest dear heavy."

"I do mean it. I have long and ardently wished it. The close intimacy of my unfortunate has till now denied my lips, but I cannot keep silence longer. My affection has grown too strong for the restraints imposed upon it. Give me your daughter, dearer to me for her blindness, more precious for her helplessness, and I will guard her as the richest treasure ever bestowed on man."

Mr. Hazleton was greatly agitated. She had always looked on Alice as excluded by her misfortune from the usual destiny of her sex, as consecrated from her birth for a vestal's lot. She had never thought of her being wooed as a wife, and she repelled the idea as something unwellingness.

"Impossible, Louis," she answered. "You know not what you ask. My Alice is not mine, by her Maker's will, from the sympathies of love. I have disciplined her for a life of loneliness. She looks forward to no other. She has not, I pray thee, the holy simplicity of her feelings, by inspiring hopes which never can be realized."

"Speak, Alice," cried Louis, "and tell your mother all! you just now said to me. Let me be justified in her eyes."

Alice lifted her downcast, blushing face, while the tears rolled gently from her beautiful, slightless eyes.

"Mother, dear mother, forgive me if I have done wrong, but I cannot help my heart's throbbing more quickly at the color of his footsteps or the music of his voice. And when he asked me to be his wife and be ever with him, I could not help feeling that it would make me the happiest of human beings. Oh, mother, you cannot know how kind, how good, how tender he has been to me. The world never looks dark when he is near."

Alice bowed her head on the shoulder of Louis, while her fair ringlets swept in shining wreaths over her face.

"This is an unexpected!" cried Mrs. Hazleton. "I must speak with your parents."

"I come with their full consent and approbation. Alice will take the place of Helen in the household, and prevent the aching void that would be left."

"Alas! what can Alice do?"

"I can love him and pray for him, mother, live to bless him, and die, too, for his sake. If God requires such a sacrifice."

"Is not there a heavenly mission?" cried Louis

Foreign Letter.

SKETCHES OF TRAVEL.

[illegible]

[illegible] harbor, being a depth of eight or ten [illegible] and being protected by the guns of Fort [illegible] of North Holland. It is encased on all sides by dykes, and the various canals of the city are [illegible] with water, and are from 12 to 20 feet in depth. The canals therefore have a depth of only eight or nine feet, and as the warehouses are generally up to them, the draught of water must [illegible] and therefore no large vessels can enter the city. The entrance to the harbor through the Zuyder Zee is very narrow and dangerous. To avoid it, the great North Holland Canal has been projected, leading from directly opposite Amsterdam to the North Sea. Even for Holland, the land of canals, this was a bold work. It is fifty miles long, one hundred and twenty feet wide at the top, thirty-one feet at the bottom, and the depth of water is to be [illegible] to thirty-six feet. The immense piles that [illegible] the sea, which, at its mean height, is [illegible] above the level of the land, and in the worst [illegible] probably the highest in the world. They are [illegible] upon piles sunk to the depth of forty feet. The greatest difficulty was to form the sea-wall so as to resist the fury of the waves. They stretch all along the coast, forming a broad highway, from which on one side you look out upon the sea, a few feet below you, and on the other upon the land which spreads out in unmitigated flatness many feet below you and below the sea, but sunk from intervening embankments behind. The dykes are here are perhaps sixty or seventy feet wide; on the land side descending very abruptly, on the sea side sloping more gradually. On the side [illegible] they are faced with large [illegible] stones brought from Norway and Sweden.

The most favorite feature of the landscape, as you look down upon it from the dyke, is the great number of large villages in sight, their tall spires rising up all round you. Nor are [illegible] farm-houses wanting, their low, airy and [illegible] adding a charm that landscape is [illegible] to the inhabitants of the [illegible] villages. Whenever one goes through Northern Germany, he finds the houses all clustered in villages, whose names never [illegible] vanishing, until old [illegible] rags are your compensation for the dreary [illegible] travelled, without the sign of the habitation of man.

These Dutch villages are very peculiar. The houses are generally not more than one and a half or two stories high, and are uniformly painted either white or some delicate color or drab, rather absent the window frames. Rarely more than a village, and something less than a city in America, about eight miles from Amsterdam. At both extremities it has eleven canals or [illegible] passages of which I have spoken; and in the middle it is beaten quite a number of very interesting houses and stores. It is the place where the beautiful [illegible] of the high-bred, and dubbed a little in ship-building [illegible] Henry Foster the Great worked at his trade as ship-carpenter, and the house in which he lived is still preserved as a town curiosity. It is a very humble looking affair of only two rooms, and in kept like other perishable [illegible] with never, a house within a house. Holland built the same for the sake, to protect from the action of the weather. A far more striking object of interest is the [illegible] of wind-mills which is to be found in the neighborhood of the town. Within a circle of three quarters of a mile in diameter, more than four hundred of these odd-looking structures may be seen, actively engaged in sawing timber.

In the mall of a few miles from Amsterdam, I saw nine windmills in the appearance of the people, that I would by travelling for a hundred miles in America. The dress of the women in Holland is peculiar, but not deficient of a neat-regular shape. It looks like one of the scale-pans of a peasant balance, such as you see in the shops of the grocers of Philadelphia, and the head-dress it protrudes a very full crimped cap, completely [illegible] the head. The rest of the costume is not unlike that which I have already described, with the difference which generally [illegible] a short petticoat, and a coarse [illegible] to the pipe." The streets are narrow, and irregularly-built stone and brick. They are paved with bricks in the middle, and the sideways are partly bricks of various colors, arranged as a rude mosaic, and partly shells, obtained with brick. The little pieces of ground before the houses are paved in a similar manner.

Most of the houses are painted green, but some in which an effort is made at display, shine with red and blue and green, without much regard to artistic propriety. They all seem as if the painter had just left them; and I am told that some of the inhabitants keep a painter in the house constantly. I stepped into one of these cottages a few days since, having seen that a card house than a home for flesh and blood, neat and quiet, all bustle or [illegible] and had never formed an acquaintance. I felt a reproach at my intrusion, and was about to walk into even the vestibule of such a temple, when the woman seemed the scene for there me four hours' work. The parlors of this village are closed except once a week, when the front windows are thrown open, a servant goes in and carefully dusts and cleans everything, the windows are then carefully closed and the room shut until her next weekly appearance. The front door is opened, upon two occasions only, to receive a newly-wedded pair, and to allow the exit of a corpse.

The dustee in this part of Holland are said to be equally remarkable exhibitions of the neatness. As I walked along the road I noticed the cables in a rather unpleasant proximity to the dwelling-house former would be [illegible] or, at the side, separated only by a partition, and always under the same roof. I thought that the Dutch dairymen and women carried their love of the sweet breath of the kine a little too far. I therefore made one of these cabins, and I found it far cleaner than I had expected to find it. The floor was of brick, kept perfectly clean, and behind the animals was a trough, through which ran a stream of water. Some of the decorations in the cleaning establishment were very ridiculous, but a description would hardly prove edifying.

My route from Amsterdam to Bremen lay through the provinces of Holland, which extend from the Zuyder Zee to the Ems. As no part of the aspect of the country was concerned, I had enjoyed little, interesting and found less. All of it has the feature of a prairie without its luxuriance, much of the sterility of an Irish [illegible], without its beauty, and some of the dullness of a factory and barren without its [illegible] and need fuss. A few hours' ride gives you a great deal of country to see, and you wish to leave it never to return.

My personal misfortune in visiting this portion to see the pauper establishments which have been organized in this part of Holland, and which form one of the largest and most splendid charitable enterprises of the kingdom and of this generation. In the year 1847, a number of gentlemen, at the head of whom was a General Van den Bosch, a man who had amassed a fortune in the East Indies, induced by the poverty into which many, previously in good circumstances, had fallen during that and the preceding year, formed a society for improving the condition of the poor, and for reclaiming some of the waste land in this region. Subscriptions to the amount of thirty thousand dollars were raised, and a commencement made by purchasing one thousand acres of land, improperly by building a few houses. The next year a colony of paupers was settled upon it; and as the plan proved pretty well, an increase of the extent of land was purchased, and the colony enlarged. The amount raised by subscription having been exhausted, further additions were made from the government, further grants of land, which, by the labor of the colonists, were rendered productive. The number of inhabitants has increased to [illegible] and the colony is now [illegible]

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, JULY 2, 1853.

General News.

A VISIT TO THE KING OF THE MOSQUITOES.

The following interesting sketch is from the *New Orleans Delta*. It seems that the King of the Mosquitoes is not a myth, but a reality, in the Indian :

Bluefields, the residence of the Mosquito King, is however sixty and seventy miles from the coast, and is only reached by a very circuitous direction. You enter the Bluefields river, and ascend it for a long distance by water. Ascending about six miles, you arrive at a beautiful spot, where you land, and after a ordering of the river, and called Bluefields from the fact that the first white settler upon this little town of Bluefields. The location is a most beautiful one, and the town, which is composed entirely of little islands, inhabited by Indians, and a few white settlers, is built around the harbor. A large clearing runs back from the river, which, bright sparkling in the sunlight, presents a most beautiful appearance. Here, Judge the Japan to be about six miles from the mouth of the river.

The inhabitants are chiefly Mosquito Indians, who have made some progress in civilization, and with the strong Jamaica twang, speak English, and are peaceable and honest among themselves, and very hospitable to strangers. They cultivate the surrounding country, and from them can be obtained all the necessaries of life. The Rev. Mr. F., a Moravian minister, lives here, and has a church, where he preaches every Sunday, in which they seem well disposed. There is also a school, in which the younger generation of young Mosquitoes are all taught English.

The inhabitants of this town are industrious. They have their gardens, and their plantations, which have good gardens, abundance of fruit, and raise cattle, and have a very good supply of milk and butter.

There is but one white family here, and the Rev. Mr. Patterson, who was, on the arrival, with his family, the only white settlers. A species of wild sage, is the favorite game. The Indians are very fond of it, and consider it a delicacy. Deer are seldom found here, they are generally in feeding on the hills. Wild hogs are found in the woods, but are not very fat. Turkeys are to be had in abundance. Fish of every description may be had in the river. Sharks abound, and the whole bay, in fact, swarms with them. Alligators are numerous, but are not dangerous. They are very timid, and will generally run from the sight of the gun, sounds the alarm, and the whole gang, frightened, disappear in the water. Snakes are numerous, but I was told by the Rev. Mr. Patterson, that he had been in the country for twenty years, and had never been bitten by a snake. He is very fond of deer sailing, and enjoys the sport very much. Sailing up and down the breeze he better he likes it—pattern. He is an excellent swimmer, a bold rider, and a good shot. He has a fine Newfoundland dog, which he values highly, and he always keeps him with him.

I do not think that the most intense American prejudice could find fault with the reception I enjoyed at meeting him; instead of a thick-headed, woolly-headed barbarian, as I expected to find, Mosqueto King, or "Afric's son," is a fine, intelligent looking man, of a copper color in race, and much of the modesty and manners of a gentleman. He received me very politely, and took him on account of the improper position in which I found myself. He is a man of 30, of which the young King seems to trouble him but little. He is a man of 30, of which the young King seems to trouble him but little. He is a man of 30, of which the young King seems to trouble him but little

Foreign Letter.

SKETCHES OF TRAVEL.

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [

SATURDAY
EVENING POST.
PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, JULY 9, 1853.

General News.

A VISIT TO THE KING OF THE MOSQUITOES.

The following letter, which we clip from the *New Orleans Delta*. It seems that the King of the Mosquitoes is not a myth, but a veritable live Indian:

Greytown, the residence of the Mosquito King, is between sixty and seventy miles from San Juan, following the coast line, in a northeasterly direction. You enter the Blewfields river, crossing the bar with about eight feet of water. Ascending about six miles, you arrive at a beautiful little bay, formed, as it were, by a widening of the river, and called Blewfields Lagoon, on the left bank of which is situated the little town of Blewfields. The location is very pleasant, consisting of a high bluff, on the lagoon, dotted with little islands, inhabited by the native Indians. The principal settlement is called the heirson's town dipping into the lagoon from a number of the small streets of unknown trees, of almost fabulous size and appearance, among the most conspicuous of which are the Mountain cow, brightly sparkling in the sun as it ascends the dark forests in the mountains. I judge the lagoon to be about six miles wide, calm, clear, and beautiful.

The inhabitants are chiefly Mosquito Indians, numbering about one hundred and fifty souls, together with the strong Jamaica negro, Anglo-Saxon, and Spanish. In the town there are about 500, and are peaceable and honest among themselves, but very treacherous to strangers. The Indians never lie, but never believe one else would conquer unless he could lie better than the Indians. The Rev. Mr. F., a Moravian minister, lives here, and has a church and school, and has translated every Sunday, to which they seem well pleased to listen. He has been here about a year, and possession of young Mosquitoes are all familiar with the Lord's Prayer.

The inhabitants of this town are industrious, and have quite a number of fine gardens, with other plants, have good gardens, abundance of fruit, consisting of the orange, lime, &c., and, in fact, lead a very quiet and happy life.

The King is a very comfortable and respectable looking man, about forty years of age, and commanding a fine view of the country and surrounding lagoon. He is a native, who are accustomed to bear of the Mosquito King, but is a mulatto, bronzed, brooding Indian.

The King lives in a very comfortable and respectable looking man, about forty years of age, and commanding a fine view of the country and surrounding lagoon. He is a native, who are accustomed to bear of the Mosquito King, but is a mulatto, bronzed, brooding Indian.

Strawberries are cultivated with success by Mr. Kaay, who sells at the rate of 75 cents per quart.

A gentleman at Salmon Falls, from one breeding sow, raised and sold hogs to the amount of $1,200 in 1852, and has now on hand 30 pigs, the value is estimated at $675. The fruitful breeder is a Suffolk sow, of the pure breed.

The steamship Northern Light, from San Juan del Norte, arrived at her berth on Long wharf on last week later than the previous advices, at 10 o'clock on Saturday morning.

The steamship California left San Francisco for the 1st inst. with 700 passengers and *one hundred and eighty-three thousand dollars* in specie.

When the Brother Jonathan sailed from San Francisco for Portland, there was a fool on board the boat between Senator Gwin and J. W. Webb, of the New York Courier and Enquirer, member of Congress. The quarrel originated in some ill-natured remarks which Gwin and Webb are said to have exchanged three years ago, and which were then settled. Distance thirty paces. The weapons were pistols. No one was injured.

Cobb Monroe appeared four times on the boards of the American. The houses were crowded.

The ship President sailed from San Francisco for Port Phillip on the 1st inst. with about one hundred passengers. They were principally miners, with a few merchants or capitalists of other countries, with but a small number of women.

The mining accounts are favorable from all quarters. On the South Yuba new diggings have been discovered, which pay from $5 to $8 per day. Other companies are making from $20 to $30 per day. Mr. Ingersoll has just shipped to Indridge the feeling, for the purpose of erecting a flouring mill. He has been a young Indian, recognized by a tribe of Indians, and has been living with them for some time. He is an excellent assistant, a bold rider, and a fine shot with the rifle, and accompanies the party as hunter. He is also a good cook, and by always keeping the camp supplied with game, will add much to the comfort of the party.

Mr. Webster's Memory.—The New York Herald says that the subject of the present has been added to the accomplished lady of the Secretary of State, and that she is the mother of a daughter. Nothing is said by their respective friends, but we have no doubt they will be delighted to hear of the event. Mr. Webster, who is a New York lady, they understand the event. Mr. Webster, who is a New York lady, they understand the event. Mr. Webster, who is a New York lady, they understand

Selected Poetry.

THE PLANTING.

A PARABLE.

"I said to my little son, who was weeping, 'What have you planted, my child?' 'Let it alone; it will soon grow,' was all he answered."

"I PLANT it safe, then little child!
Then cease watching and cease weeping;
Thou hast done thy duty well;
Leave it, with a calm heart!
It will grow while thou art sleeping.

"But, oh, father!" says the child,
With a troubled face since weeping!
Never can I but mind and ponder
When the flower winds round it so,
And covers root—and I be sleeping!

"I have loved my little flower
In such brief time former flowers;
Wonder'd a day by day with prayer,
Guarded it with prayer and more,
Lest the comer should devour it.

"Oh, good father!" says the child,
"If I come in summer's shining,
And my tender-one be dead—
How the sun will rest in a wonder,
Where I sit forlorn and pining!

"Rather let me overmore
Through the winter-time watch keeping,
Rear the cold, and nurture, and tend,
That my summer be not bare!"
Ay, dear angel! but life sleeping

Nursing—and the father then
"Who art thou, child, busy grieving?
Plant thee not the heavy down,
Or the cold my dear heart?
That one tear shall twist to living!

"Cloud there but the heavens restore!
Nature! suppose the lily power I
Until thou bind one tender chord!
Bury the growth of one child to these
Keep you blossom from decaying!

"If it live and bloom all for,
Will it please me—or did he blooming?
If it die, will my pieces
Reach them, or with kings and roses
Forget it to an equal smiling?

"Plant it—sometimes with prayer,
It is only 'much His day's taking,
When the winter earth receives
Whether we watch more or less—
His large eye all things beholding.

"If He need a goodly rose
For the shelter of the autumn,
He will make it grow; if a child
Cease all watching and all weeping
Even before, and die—and plucketh!

"Leave thy treasure to His hand—
Cease all watching and all weeping
Even before, and die—and plucketh!
When its mighty branches wave
Beautiful above thy sleeping.

If but hope, tear-worn, that child
Gathered safe with joyful singing,
Know! it will not die—
On this truth glorious through my prayers
"It will grow while thou art sleeping."

Selected Articles.

TOILET-TALK.

FROM CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL.

There are certain moralists in the world, who labor under the impression that it is no matter what people wear, so they put on what they please. Such people cover themselves up—they do not dress. No one doubts that the mind is more important than the body, the jewel than the setting; and yet the virtue of the one and the brilliancy of the other are enhanced by the mode in which they are presented to the senses. Let a woman have every virtue under the sun, if she is slatternly, or even inappropriate in her dress, her merits will be less than half observed. Let a lovely young, she is dowdy or untidy, or being old, fantastic, or shrewish, her natural qualities sound a chance of being received with indifference or dislike.

We can hardly overestimate the effect of pure and delicate costume on the minds of the wearer, of brothers and sisters, with, it may be, sweetly, or a visitor here and there, accessible round the family circle. The ladies have come direct from their own pleasant morning ablutions, hair carefully parted and braided, or flowing in silky curls, the plain, well-fitting dark dress of winter, or the still more attractive small-patterned flowing muslin of a summer morning, with the pretty collar and cuffs; the suspicion of blunt velvet, that, according to fashion, just suggests its shape, and breaks the line. Some band of taste has been at work on other matters, as well as self-adornment. Some mother, or elder fairy girl, evidenced in one department only. Look at those sweet-looking children, the one lying among roses; or those princesses, almost hidden in their own leaves, not mixed up and jumbled with flowers. The father of the family survives in his dusty counting-house, his solicitor or executor and family receives a legacies and enforcement—but one of those scents is lost. Cheerfully will the labor, that his home may be preserved intact, and that one of those bright, precious heads may ever have change or privation. And those young men—we will dwell ever from approach and sanctuary with fumes of tobacco or beer! Will they not still dispose of their persons and places less pure and pleasant than those of their own home?

To a much greater extent than we are at all aware, is dress indicative of character. Will Honeycomb says, he can tell the character of a woman by the color of her hood. And not only do we read

"The ship, the wreck, the masculine attire
aright, but all the finer gradations of propriety and elegance. Fortunately, an attractive exterior is independent on wealth, and the combination of the great secrets of dressing well. The poorer the lady, she wields the more secret skill with satin, conversed with feathers, glaring with ornament; and the strong-minded individual who pays her morning-calls in clamping shoes, dusty bonnet, and dismal gown, depositing her cotton umbrella in the hall, errs both out of place. The former should be hidden in a carriage; the latter, walking in the country, paying for her last week's butter and eggs. And yet there are circumstances in which wealth stands beside the ladies, with unobtrusive gaze. The diffident lady, who feels that she has no taste or experience herself, but who can enter the sanctum of a real artiste, and say 'I desire fashion, purpose, look, stature, position: draw me!' will probably, if she be rich, have a shrewd mind on well as pocket. Among the lesser afflictions of life, there is none greater than when a gentlewoman of narrow means finds the moment of fabrication or of unwarrantable direction by her gentlemen of ample, has possessed herself of a facilely objectionable article—a suspicious shawl, or an incongruous dress—and, yet feels with shame and sorrow that it must be worn—consistently worn out: in this case, also, money would indeed be a relief. There are many fundamental rules, however, that, if constantly borne in mind, will go far to prevent evil. No woman can dress well who does not consider her own station, her own points, and her own age. Her first study should be to know herself, her ground, the good: her third, the indispensable: in uniting in one happy union these great principles, remains the real art of pleasing the eye, and through the eye, impressing the judgment and the feelings.

We live in an age that has attained to much fixed principle on the subject of dress, though part of the richest ever existed in change and variety. The Empress of the French has lately decided in favor of waists in their natural place. Our own Queen, God bless her! has always, for reasons best known to herself, been a friend of length in the matter of long petticoats. Indeed for this reason there never could have been any real danger that the Mormon costume should obtain favor in our land. For the acknowledged evil of trailing garments, there are probably few of our readers who do not desire to call to understand by the term intelligible, and unoffending gown. The proportions of American taste was extreme: the fashion-plates may show you a figure walking dresses, and sensitive ladies display elegance in adjusting their long drapery, but in the evening the example of

Troy's proud dames, whose garments sweep the ground,

still will be followed: and the last of our poets will long have to rejoice that the tesselate of housemaids are

"Idle feet lost in her garments' fall.

Lace, the most feminine of all adornments, is now duly rare and appreciated. The manufactured, appearing in deep, meretricious specs over-wrought and spectator, fall of happy children, or plunder exhibited at church or chapel, contemptuously under-foot through town—either one's nostril—modest, lady English—is now more in vogue than ever.

But perhaps the greatest triumph of good sense we have lived to witness, consists in allowing wrapper of a certain age—such, that there will ever be—to wear their own hair. The preposterous habit of fixing glossy locks and curls upon the heads of middle-aged women, has been finally abandoned, and even where some remnant of the whole intended by nature to fade together like a set handkerchief; and if the individual has a fair luster of dressed and bleached hair, it looks infinitely better than if it had been worn itself more attractive, even more valuable than that of youth, does not linger on the head.

Every lady of taste has her own style of dress, and the most distinguished rank depends on the formality the most distinguished rank depends on the formality the most distinguished rank depends on the formality